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The story of Edward and
Margaret Friel



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THE STORY
OF
EDWARD AND MARGARET
FRIEL

Compiled by
CHARLES CAMDEN FRIEL
1948

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PHOTOGRAPHS
OF
THE FAMILY



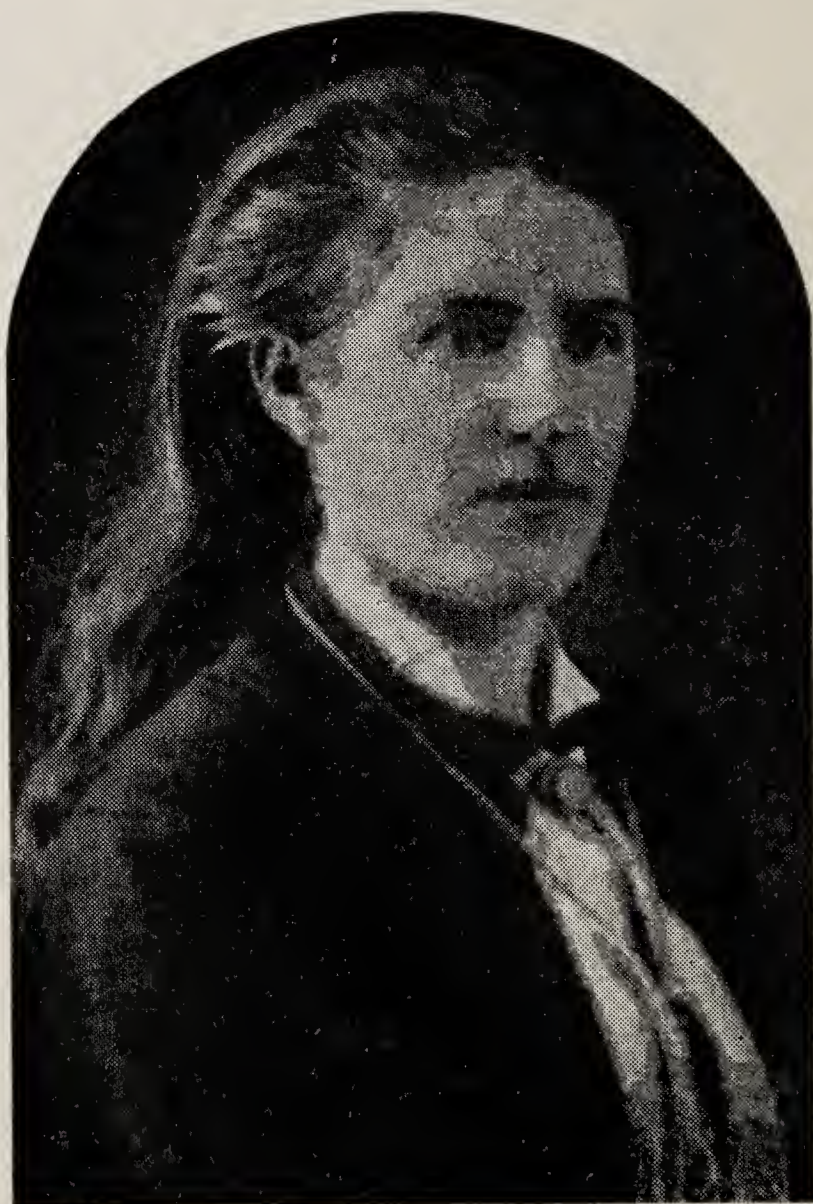
EDWARD



MARGARET ANN ELIZABETH



ANN ELIZABETH



MARY ELIZA



HANNAH SHARP



KATHERINE SWEENEY



JAMES WILLIAM



EDWARD CORNELIUS



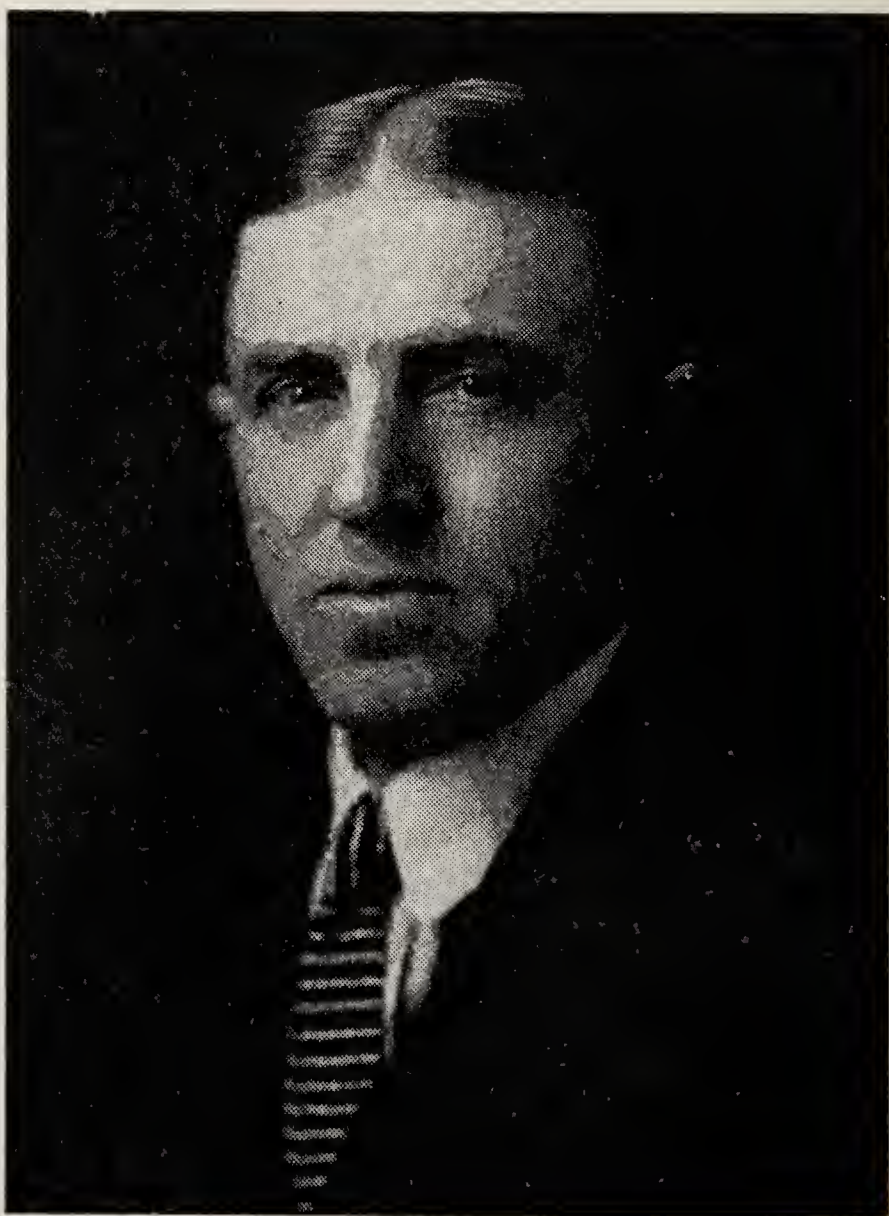
STEPHEN FRANCIS



GILBERT HARPER



GARNET WHITTIER



CHARLES CAMDEN

Preface

FOR MANY YEARS it has been my desire to perpetuate the story of the lives of two Utah pioneers, who had the vision and the courage to cross the continent and settle in a desolate territory of the West.

Their efforts were joined with other courageous souls in the making of Utah, a garden spot of our nation. They always looked forward. They lived rugged lives; worked long, hard hours and left with their children a priceless example of courage, honesty and industry.

The men and women of their time loved passionately and sincerely; they enjoyed life intensely; their greatest pleasure was measured by the good they could do. They suffered deeply. My mother once told me "the intensity of my happiness would be measured by the depth of my sorrow."

The following stories were written by my older sisters, Hannah who is now nearly 85 years old, and Katherine (now dead), who were privileged to enjoy more of the lives of our parents than I.

I am very proud, indeed, of my father and mother.

CHARLES CAMDEN FRIEL

F A T H E R

1822 - 1905

My father, Edward Friel, was born in County Donegal, town of Fanet, Ireland, April 10, 1822. His people were Catholics. His father, also Edward, was a veterinarian, who traveled around the country doctoring cows, horses, sheep, goats, pigs and chickens; also donkeys as the last named animal was used a great deal in that country.

About twenty miles from the Friel home there was a family who raised and wove flax into linen. This family wanted a boy to come and learn the work of weaving flax. Edward was then fourteen years old and they thought that a good age for learning the work. Raising flax was then and is still a main business with many farmers there. Irish linen woven in the cottages has always brought a good price. So Edward began the work of learning a trade. I suppose he was "bound out" as they did in those days. He made rapid progress and the family thought the world of him. This was a fine family and they belonged to the Methodist Church. They were great Bible readers and strict church attenders. They soon had Edward going to their church and reading the Bible. Indeed, he became a great reader of the Bible. I suppose his family felt badly that he had joined another church. I am sure they did.

Edward became a very good weaver. I do not know the salary he received, but whatever it was he clothed himself and put part of it away.

Edward was saving his money for a purpose. Ireland was under the foot of the tyrant. There was no future for her young manhood. He was saving his money to come to America, the land of promise. Dozens of young men were leaving with the prayers and blessings of their parents for the land of hope.

When he had lived with this family four years and was eighteen years old, he had saved enough to pay his fare on a sailing vessel to America. He had a chest full of clothes, a Bible and an extra pair of shoes; also his bedding. He also had to take his food along, which consisted mostly of hardtack.

After being on the sea some time he took typhus fever. He lay for several weeks under the care of the ship's doctor, who stuffed him with "blue mass" until Edward's teeth became salivated and loose. Before the end of the journey he had made a fair recovery. He landed at St. Johns, New Brunswick early in the winter of 1840. He was six or seven weeks on the sea.

Upon leaving the ship he saw an officer hunting for a man who could nurse smallpox. Now in Ireland every child was inoculated for smallpox and made immune to the disease. So Edward took the job of nursing the case of smallpox at three dollars a day for twenty-one days. He left the pest house, as they called the place where they kept those afflicted with smallpox, with sixty-three dollars in gold in his pocket, and feeling very grateful for his good fortune.

While on the ship he had seen a man wad up a suit of soiled clothes, fasten a rope to it and hang it in the sea and let it hang in the water for a while until it became clean, then draw it up and dry it. So he took his every day suit off, hung it on a rope and lowered it into the water to wash. It sozzled along nicely for a while but worked loose and was lost. This left him only one suit of clothes, the one on his back. When he took charge of the smallpox case, he was told to destroy the clothes of the patient by burning them. In Ireland they buried the smallpox patient's clothes in the ground for a certain number of days and that disinfected them and made them perfectly safe to be worn. The patient's clothes were just Edward's size, so he buried them in the ground and when he left the hospital he had a suit to replace the one he had lost.

He took his chest of clothes and took a stage to the Jones Tavern, the gateway to the great New Brunswick lumber woods, cutting and preparing timber for the great spring drive. Men from almost everywhere were there, going back and forth to the great forest of virgin woods.

The Jones Tavern served whiskey and other liquors. It was a respectable place and threw the men out if they got drunk and boisterous.

There were large barns and stables where the horses were fed and curried. Two big six-horse stages drove in every day besides other teams. Two men called "hostlers" took the teams, unharnessed them, took them in the barn, fed and curried them, brought them out when they were needed, and hitched them on to the vehicles.

The Jones Tavern was a large log building with perhaps twenty rooms. There was a large living room about twenty-five feet square that served for dining and sitting room. It had a large fireplace where several pots of meats and puddings and different foods hung cooking. There were no stoves at that time. The kitchen was a large room, too, with a large fireplace with many pots of food hanging in it. There was an enormous bake oven outside where bread and cakes and meat were baked. Many varieties of fish were easy to get at this point and they served fish as well as meat of some kind at every meal. They had several bedrooms and they warmed the beds with warming pans.

After supper was over and the tables all cleared away, the host would start the evening's entertainment. The fire was bright and the room was cheery and restful. Mr. Jones was a wonderful host. He did all he could to make the guests happy and comfortable, and the evenings took care of themselves.

Men from all over Europe and America came there and Mr. Jones had them telling the stories of their home land and the legends of their people; men who had sailed the seven seas and heard the stories of all countries; sailors from pirate ships—English, Irish, and Scotch, with all their wonderful tales and legends. Edward told the stories of the Emerald Isle, the stories of St. Patrick, the fairy tales of Ireland, and the ghost stories of the banshee.

All this time he was falling in love with the waiter girl, a sweet black-eyed girl by the name of Betty Sharp. When this couple, Edward Friel and Hannah Elizabeth Sharp, had known each other two years they became engaged to be married. He worked summers and falls on farms, and winters in the timber. When they became engaged he decided to take up a farm in the woods. New

Brunswick was originally a large forest and farms were made by clearing off the trees and logs and plowing the land and planting crops. Of course, it was a long and arduous job but it was the only way to make a farm in New Brunswick. He chopped down trees and dug out stumps. He saved out logs for building a house and barn and other out-buildings. So, in two years after the engagement and four years after his arrival in New Brunswick, they announced their intention to the Episcopal minister to be married. It was the custom of the church to announce a prospective marriage three Sundays in succession from the pulpit. The purpose of this was to make everybody concerned acquainted with the intentions of the couple to marry. Each Sunday the congregation was told that if they or any individual in the congregation had any objection to the marriage to come forth now and make it known or forever hold their peace. So they were married on January 16th, 1844. Their friends were present at the church and the Jones Tavern gave them a fine wedding dinner. She had worked there five years and he had made his home there for four years.

Edward had a tidy log house ready for his bride with home-made cupboard, table, bedstead, some stools to sit on, a loom, cards, spinning wheel, swifts and all the other old fashioned apparatus for the handling of wool and the weaving of cloth. There was a good fireplace with the apparatus for hanging pots and kettles for cooking, and the Dutch oven for baking bread. He had a barrel of flour and a keg of molasses, a barrel of salted fish and a keg of salt bacon. He had raised a small patch of potatoes and had them in a pit in the ground. He had a cow and a pony in a little shed. She brought a feather bed, five quilts, some sheets and pillows. She was well-clothed herself for four or five years.

The families in the woods made their sugar from Maple sugar trees. In February of each year when the sap ran they would bore a hole an inch or so into the tree, put a tap in it and set a bucket under to catch the sap. It took several days to drain the sap. Then they boiled it down to syrup and later to sugar. This would bring their year's supply of sugar and syrup. They raised buckwheat

amongst their crops of grains, and the meal from that grain made choice pancakes, and this, with the maple syrup, was a dish that New Brunswick people loved to praise.

By the second year they had a dozen sheep. The wife could do all the processes of shearing the wool, and the other processes until it was cloth on their backs. She could shear the sheep, wash and prepare the wool, card it into rolls, spin it into yarn, color it, put it into the loom, weave it into cloth, and then make it into clothes by hand. And this thing she did for herself and her husband.

The social life of the people in this woods country came with house building, barn raisings and corn huskings. The men came and did all the work, the women brought the picnic lunch and prepared the dinner and all had a jolly visit.

This couple had no children. They lived on this place ten years and made a comfortable home. They took a girl to raise who was six years old and later a boy two years old. The girl was Margaret Ann Herbel, orphaned niece of Hannah. The boy was George Hillman, born out of wedlock and disowned by the mother.

In 1853 the Mormon Elders found this couple and converted them.

And thereby hangs a tale.

In October 1904 I had my last visit with my father. I was living in Parker, Idaho and I came down to Springville to visit father and mother. My son George came with me. He was six years old. While there I asked my father to tell me how he had become interested in Mormonism and this is what he told me:

STORY OF THE CONVERSION

In the fall of 1852 two Mormon Elders visited the family at the little farm in the New Brunswick woods. The family consisted of Edward; Hannah Sharp Friel, his wife; Margaret Ann Herbel, the niece about twelve years old; and the adopted baby about two years old.

The senior Elder was Jesse Crosby and I do not know the

name of the other Elder. They gave the story of Joseph Smith and the restored Gospel. The family bought a hymn book, a Book of Mormon and some other church books. They also subscribed for the Millenium Star then being published in England.

They were very much taken up with the Gospel as presented by these Elders. They sang the songs of Zion from the hymn books and had a great rejoicing in their new found treasure. "What Was Witnessed in the Heavens" was one of the hymns the family learned. The Elders left them to investigate while they went on to return sometime later. So the seven families who were interested were to investigate for themselves.

They had (the Friels) about decided to become members when a fellow came through the country telling that the Mormons were thieves and that their Prophet Joseph Smith had been lynched for horse stealing. This story stunned them. They were in deep sorrow and black humiliation. They hung around in misery for a few days when the wife suggested they make it a matter of prayer and ask the Lord to direct them.

And so they prayed as they never had before. The last night of these dark days father had a dream. John, the Baptist, came to him and told him that the restored Gospel would be brought to him and that he, father, would become a partaker. That helped matters quite a lot and then that evening the mail brought a Millenium Star with the picture of a man that was the John, the Baptist, of his dream exactly. The picture was of John Taylor, then in France.

Marvel of marvels, their prayers were answered. The Lord had heard them. This not only settled the question for them but for the other families. When the Elders came back (the Elders had been beaten after leaving them first) they were ready for baptism and on January 16th, 1854, through openings deep in the ice that New Brunswick colony was baptized.

My father was a deep student of the Bible. He seemed almost to know it by heart. He had learned to read the Bible with that fine Methodist family in Ireland when he went to weave flax.

Their minds were now on selling their property and coming

west with the Saints. The missionaries had told them the history of the different moves and now 1854 was the eighth year of crossing the plains to Utah, the Land of Promise.

Seven families from the New Brunswick woods joined the church at that time, sold their property and by March were ready to start on the long trek to the West. The names of the other six were Joseph Gray, James Adams, Charles Shelton, George Jaques—his father—and Mathew Phillips. Each of the men had a wife and family.

They took a boat called the Great Eastern at St. Johns, New Brunswick and went to Boston. They took bedding, clothes and food. The Friel party consisted of Edward; Hannah, the wife; Margaret Herbel, then coming thirteen years old, and Baby George, two years old.

They stayed two or three days in Boston and then took the railroad train to St. Louis. There they met hundreds of other L.D.S. people, as that was a center for supplies for crossing the plains.

The party bought wagons, oxen and supplies for the summer. Edward bought two yoke of oxen, a good wagon with cover and bows, camp kettles, tripod and buckets. Their food consisted of flour, bacon, beans, molasses, salt, sugar, some dried fruit, dried meat, lard and corn meal.

Of course, they looked ahead to fresh meat on the plains. Every man had his gun and ammunition and knew how to find game. I do not mean every man that crossed the plains; I mean these New Brunswick men, who were well prepared for emergencies.

They now had their oxen to break and train for the plains. Edward had bought four fine young oxen but there were so many poor people who could not buy oxen that he loaned them to the church to make up teams for the poor people. These people were from Europe.

They camped outside of the city for two or three weeks waiting for their captain who had been on a mission to England and accompanied a lot of Saints to join this party.

To be a captain a man must know the plains, the feed places,

the watering places, how to repair wagons, how to ford rivers, in fact he must know how to meet every emergency on the plains. He must have been over the plains once anyhow. He must know how to deal with Indians and, of course, he must be a man with unbounded faith in the Gospel and keep up the religious services and prayers night and morning, and stop on the Sabbath and hold regular Sunday church service.

Well, they were delayed waiting for Captain Brown and his party and those in authority thought it would be good to travel a week's distance out and get things ready and be that far on the way till the party arrived. So they did. They stopped at an old campground. They were only there a few days when they began coming down with Asiatic cholera. Science at that date had not discovered the germs of disease. All the parties that stopped there had some cholera and hundreds had died and now whole families died. Baby George at 2½ years died and was buried under a wild crabtree. This was a grief to the Friel family. Hannah waited on the sick and laid out the dead.

Captain Brown and his party arrived and they moved out with their sick. No more cholera started and they thanked God. This party made two companies. The burial of their dead taxed them to their utmost—to lay those dear members of their families away in the earth reverently and in as nice a way as they could.

People who were able walked most of the way. Twenty miles a day was about the regular feat for those ox teams.

There was snow on the ground when they left New Brunswick, and it was now late in June, 1854.

They would stop every week or two and rest the oxen and the women would wash and mend. They made yeast cakes and sun-dried them to carry along to make bread. The start of yeast was hop water with sweetening made into a batter. That stood for about ten days wherein the yeast germ developed. Then this was mixed with corn meal and made into a thick dough which was made into little cakes and sun dried. One cake soaked would start the yeast.

Several times parties of Indians came up to them and sold

buffalo skins and deer skins but no unfriendly Indians came to them. Captain James Brown had pioneered Ogden. He had gotten what was called a Spanish Grant and owned hundreds of acres of land. At this time, there was a thriving town of four or five hundred people and lots of small farms outside.

On September 29th, 1854 these companies arrived in Salt Lake City. They came down Emigration Canyon and passed the place where Brigham Young first beheld the valley and said "This is the place." In fact, Brigham Young and a party of his associates met and welcomed the emigrants at this point as he was in the custom of doing with the companies of emigrants as they came down through Emigration Canyon in view of the valley.

They went first to the Tithing Office situated near where the Hotel Utah now stands, and gave their names.

Edward and Joseph Gray went to Bishop Edward Hunter the next day to see if they might find some work. It was his job to place the new emigrants.

He asked them where they were from.

They answered "New Brunswick."

Bishop Hunter: "Then you know lumbering?"

The emigrants: "Yes."

Bishop Hunter: "You know lumbering in the winter and farming in the summer and fall?"

"Yes," they answered.

"Men raised to lumber and farm are equal to any emergency in the West. I do not need to hunt jobs for you. Go find work, gentlemen, and Brethren and good luck to you. I must put my time on the people who come from the cities of Europe who put points on pins and eyes on needles."

Edward Friel and Joseph Gray then left Bishop Hunter's office and went out hunting work. They found potato digging in Thomas Callister's field south of the city. They earned potatoes enough to last them the winter and they made such a friend of Thomas Callister that they were friends until the death of President Callister twenty-five years later. He became President of

Millard Stake when it was organized and lived in Filmore and made trips twice a year to the conferences in Salt Lake City.

The Friels stayed about two weeks in Salt Lake and then went to Ogden where Captain Brown had invited and urged them to settle. They got a lot and built a two-roomed house that fall. Cook stoves were just being known. They had bought one in St. Louis and had hauled it across the plains. They got a chance now to sell it for a cow and a bunch of sheep. They sheared the sheep, carded and spun the yarn, and knitted mittens and sold them. Of course they were cooking on a fireplace which they had done before; in fact, they had never known any other way. Very few people had cook stoves and they cost about \$200.00.

They took up a farm and when spring came they all three went to work grubbing the sage brush. They raised quite a crop that year of 1855, of corn and squash and other garden stuff. They were able to sell some corn and to give to the poor who came in this summer and fall from across the plains.

They also sold the mittens they made the winter before at good prices. They had received cash of several hundred dollars for their farm in the woods and now with crossing the plains—building a log house and taking up a farm, that money was about gone.

P O L Y G A M Y

It is really now quite timely to say and explain some things on this subject, *Polygamy*.

First, to be a Mormon one must believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith, the Prophet. In about 1842 Polygamy was brought forth by revelation in Nauvoo. The church was filling up with lone women—many more than men. A few plural marriages were made in Nauvoo before Joseph was martyred in 1844 and no more were made until 1850 in Utah when Brigham Young introduced it.

Now Polygamy in the Mormon Church was highly respectable. The finest men and the loveliest women married in it and the best people in the church were of these families.

The best blood of Utah and indeed the Inter-mountain West came from Polygamous marriages.

The practice of Polygamy was discontinued by the Church in 1882.

On November 16, 1855 in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Margaret Ann Herbel, then a little past 14 years old, became the second wife of Edward Friel and this couple are my parents.

In June 1857 their first child was born, Ann Elizabeth.

They remained in Ogden building up their farm and raising crops. They had two cows and a nice little flock of sheep.

In 1858 Johnstone's Army came in and the people fled southward to Provo, and south of there to Springville, Spanish Fork and Payson. Father by this time had sold his oxen and had a span of horses. How my father loved horses!

The family, the two wives, Baby Elizabeth and father went south in the spring of 1858. This was called the "time of the move." They went to Payson. They sold their place in Ogden and bought in Spanish Fork.

Finally they bought a place north of Springville from a man named Josh Davis and traded a beautiful team that he thought the world of—Prince and Bluch. He received a thousand dollars for this span of horses but mourned for years about parting with them. He bought another piece of land and then preempted 80 acres on the north. That place is where the Columbia Steel Plant now stands. That farm was called the Friel Farm and the family lived there thirty years.

They had a band of 15 or 20 horses, the same of cattle and for the early part had sheep. They raised lots of hay, grain, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, corn and mangel wortzels in those early years, and sugar beets later. There was a large orchard where a dozen varieties of fine apples grew, also peaches, pears and plums. They dried lots of fruit in the early years and bottled fruit after bottling came into vogue, which was in 1875. However, cans and bottles were too high in price for people to have all they wanted.

Plenty of hogs were raised on that farm to have meat, bacon

and lard. Red beets, squash, cabbage, carrots and turnips were put away in pits for the winter. There was always plenty of milk and butter. In fact, they always figured to have several pounds of butter to sell.

JOHNSTONE'S ARMY

I want to discuss this event a little. They came in 1858 and instead of wiping out the Mormon People, they took Brigham Young's advice and camped 40 miles from Salt Lake City. They brought with them food that came packed, like sugar, rice and beans, but fresh stuff they bought from the people. Now there were several thousand men there to be fed and a large herd of horses and mules. They were camped on the west side of Utah Lake and their fort was called Camp Floyd. Our folks took butter, eggs, hay, corn meal, cabbage, red beets and squash and got good prices for their stuff.

Johnstone's Army was called back in 1861 to participate in the Civil War. They sold off at auction everything they did not need immediately so they could go back as light as possible and get there "quick" which would be two or three months. They sold bacon, sugar, beans, harness, army blankets and all kinds of odds at the camp very low in price and while they came here to destroy the people they really were a great benefit to them. Some of the soldiers stayed and married and settled down here. George Harrison of Springville was brought in across the plains by Johnstone's Army. His family crossed in the hand cart company. He was too sick to walk and they could not haul him so they left him with a friendly band of Indians to recover. They gave him a blessing and left him to the Providence of God. The Indian Mother doctored him up and when the soldiers came through he got in with them and came on. He was there some months before his parents heard of him and brought him home.

Albert Sydney Johnstone, who had led that army to Utah, joined the South in the war and lost his life in battle.

In 1859 the second child, a girl named Mary Eliza, was born at Spanish Fork. In 1861, after they settled on the Friel Farm,

their first son was born. He was named Charles Edward. Charles was my father's oldest brother (half-brother) and very much beloved. This child died at 9 months. Death is always sad and this was no exception to the rule. In 1863, I, Hannah Sharp, named for the first wife, was born.

T W O W O M E N

My father's first wife, Hannah, had no children and this fact was a great sorrow to her. She was a stout, good looking woman with black eyes and black hair. There was no end to her energy. She rose early and worked late. She was a very beautiful seamstress and an artistic weaver. She had a loom and wove the dresses for the family; the cold weather dresses, I mean. There was lots of field work that she could do as well as any man and did take the place of a man a lot of times. She was always wanting to go into some kind of business and did start different times but always came out behind notwithstanding that she was an intense worker.

M A R G A R E T A N N H E R B E L

This was the second wife and my mother. She was a shy, silent, serious woman that always was on the job though she did not have the strength of Hannah. She was very conscientious and a great stickler for the right thing and the kind thing. She was very determined that her children should have the chance to get "schooling" as they called it.

Father had a little schooling in Ireland and then he read the Bible and very likely some other books with the Methodist family where he learned to weave. He was very well learned in the classics and knew world politics like a clock. He foresaw the coming of the World War and said he would not be surprised if the U. S. got in, and we got in just the way he thought.

In 1865 Katherine Sweeney was born, making four girls, their only boy having died.

This farm needed a lot of help. Two or three hired men and a boy were always there. Fellows—soldiers from the Civil War came through to seek their fortunes in the West. Many times we

have had a soldier from the South and one from the North at once. Sometimes they would have a hot quarrel. All nationalities at different times worked at that place. They baled hay in the winter.

A complete blacksmith shop was on the place and as I have said before, a loom and spinning wheels. Girls accomplished in spinning used to go through the country and do up the spinning. There were *good* and *poor* spinners. "Is she a good spinner?" was often asked about a girl. "Can she do 40 knots a day?" There was a regular wage for the work. I think \$2.00 a week and board.

They always had a girl to help with the housework. She would receive about \$1.50 per week. The chore and herd boy received the same. These were generally destitute young people and the women would clothe them comfortably instead of paying wages.

The most of these helpers got their pay in things they needed in their homes, like hay, flour and meat.

They killed several hogs a year and a couple or three beeves. Sometimes a man would work for a horse or cow. Men got about \$15.00 per month and board. The girl that did spinning usually got some money.

About this time the Provo Woolen Factory was started. It employed about 100 people; some of these were weavers from England and a lot of them girls from Provo. They made beautiful cloth and father traded a cow or a beef or a load of hay to some of these workers for their products and the home loom closed.

All this time the stockings were being knit at home. All the girls and the two women took up a piece of knitting whenever they sat down. Oh, the knitting that had to be done, and the sewing. Besides the two women sitting up at night sewing, a woman was hired to sew now and then; and this big crowd to feed.

This was the state road through to Salt Lake and hundreds of teams traveled back and forth from the towns south. They sold hay and grain to campers. They kept lots of people for nothing. Old friends from Ogden and Salt Lake, people they crossed the plains with, had the strongest pull on their hearts. The old friend, Thomas Callister, used to make the trips. He was a fine man and we all loved to see him and party.

On June 29, 1867 their first son since the one that died in 1862 was born. This was a great event. He was named James William to please the wife Hannah. He was born on Saturday, June 29th, the same day and date as the other, but six years later.

At this time the two oldest children started to school—Elizabeth and Mary. Springville had then about 2,500 people. Charles D. Evans was the teacher at that time, or rather the best one and the one that stayed and left his stamp of fine work on the town. He was a convert to the Mormon Church from England. He was a well educated man and a character of the highest type. His language was most beautiful. He was enthusiastic on the Book of Mormon and the story of the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ through the prophet Joseph Smith. He must have taught in Springville 20 years and part of his pay was in produce—wood, flour, meat and other stuff. He had a set of anatomical plates life size that he used to lecture on the health of the human body. He gave some strong lectures on the use of alcohol. Some old fashioned people said that he was paid for Education, not lectures on the body.

Charles D. Evans had a little home and wife and family and had to live on what he received from teaching, which could not have been a lot but he was always neatly dressed—almost immaculate—a black suit, white shirt, black tie, decent hat, shoes always blacked. In thinking over conditions of that day I think that was remarkable.

And now these little girls Elizabeth and Mary were very intellectual and sweet to look at. They became great favorites in school not only of the teacher but everybody else. Elizabeth was keen in mathematics and people that hauled wood often came to her to figure the cords of wood.

Their girl chums were Luella Wood, Vanda Fuller, Ann and Ellen Maycock and Mary Jane Chase (Mayme Chase Finley). At this date, April 24, 1940, they are all dead but Mary Jane Finley, 82. That was a fine group of girls.

There were other teachers besides Chas. D. Evans that came and went but none that stayed long. He left in 1876. After he went

on a short mission to England he bought a farm at Salem and went there.

On August 30, 1869 another son was born. The family wanted him named for father so he was named Edward. Father wanted it Edward Boyce but through some means he was recorded Edward Cornelius. Now *Boyce* was the name of father's stepmother and he wished to honor her. *Cornelius* was the name of mother's brother. As I look back on it now, I am ashamed that I *helped* to perpetrate that trick on father. I would be glad if I could make that change but all the parties are long since dead.

The Golden Spike was driven the summer of '69, connecting the East and the West by rail. I remember that day. Of course this happened up at the Promontory a hundred miles north of Springville, or a little more, but it was a great day and lots of people went. It was about five years after that when the railroad reached Provo.

* * * * *

March 14, 1941

It has been several months since I wrote on this subject, due to my age (78) and failing health. I will try now to continue:

My sister Kate has written a fine character sketch of Mother and the children and I will now continue with events of interest, concerning Father and Mother.

In 1870 Father preempted 80 acres of land on the north, joining the other part of the farm, and receiving water from Provo City. This property was sold in 1883 to N. D. Crandall. It fell to his children "Net" and Nora and in 1922 was sold to the Columbia Steel Company and is today covered with steel mills. It is located about 1½ miles north of Springville on the highway to Provo.

In 1876 Brigham Young established in Provo the Brigham Young Academy where the Timpanogus University was located. That was an old fashioned type of high school conducted by Warren and Wilson Dusenberry. The new school was organized for the purpose of teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to every member of the school. The teacher was Karl G. Maesar, a German pro-

fessor who was converted to the Gospel in Germany in 1852. So deeply was he affected by his conversion that he covenanted with God that he would spend his life in His service. He was Mayor of Dresden at the time. His people were so bitter against the Mormon Missionaries that Dr. Maesar, with his wife and son, Reinhardt, fled from the city at night and went to England. They shortly sailed for the United States. It was Elder Budge who was responsible for his conversion.

They crossed the plains and settled in Salt Lake City and for a time suffered extreme poverty.

Brigham Young came to know this man and engaged him to teach his family school. It was there that President Young learned something of the worth and glory of that great teacher and established him in Provo in the school that is now a great university.

The family in 1875 consisted of Elizabeth 18; Mary 16; myself, Hannah 12, Kate 10, Will 8, Ed 6, Frank 4 and Bert 2.

Elizabeth and Mary had been fine students at the Charles D. Evans school. In November 1875 Elizabeth died. Her death was a terrible blow to our family, as the death of any lovely young person is to any family.

So the next year Mary was to start to that new and great school—the Brigham Young Academy. The group that went from Springville was made up of Garland Wood, Luella Wood, Zella Wood, Gideon Wood and George and Will Mackenzie, and of course, Mary Friel.

This group all boarded at the Bullock House. Mrs. Bullock was Lyman Wood's sister. They paid \$3.00 per week for board and lodging. I don't know how Lyman Wood paid for his four children—cash or commodities—but father paid his in beef, pork, flour and potatoes.

The Brigham Young Academy had three departments in those early days—Academic, Intermediate and Primary. Some sciences were taught. The Academic covered a course such as is now given in our high schools.

Dr. Maesar's belief in the Gospel of Jesus Christ was his life and a testimony from his lips filled his students with new zeal.

And so began a new and better appreciation of the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. No student could remain in school if he used tobacco. A lot of young fellows quit smoking and remained in school. Others couldn't leave tobacco alone and were required to leave the school. They gave a teachers training course. Several young people took the teachers training course and as a result were employed to teach in their home towns.

Mary taught in the fourth ward of Springville and Luella Wood taught in one of the other wards. They were fine brilliant girls and were highly respected by all.

Charles D. Evans had now removed his school to Salem, about twelve miles south of Springville.

In the fall of 1879 when I was 16 I joined Mary in attending the Brigham Young Academy. I had gone the year before to John Walton's school in Springville. Mr. Walton was a graduate of the teachers school and conducted a fine school.

Mary, Kate Houtz and I kept house in a little room about 12 feet square, at the home of Joshua Davis, and cooked on the family stove. We took provisions from home and traded flour to the bakery for bread tickets.

We went home Friday nights and came back Sundays. It seemed good to get home to the Farm at the end of the week.

My sister Kate stayed home that fall to help Mother with the work, which, Lord knows, was hard with about ten cows to milk, butter to make, haying, and hordes of men to cook for.

(At this date, May 23, 1941, I received word that the Brigham Young University is inviting all the members of the school who attended school any time Dr. Maesar was actively engaged in its work. He was retired in 1891, 50 years ago, and Benjamin Cluff was made its president. The reunion is to be held June 3, 1941. Each person who attended the school until the retirement of Dr. Maesar will receive a special certificate. I was there from August 1879 till June 1881. Sixty years ago this coming June I was graduated from the two years teachers course.)

The fall we started—Mary and I—we were there ten weeks when Mother moved to Provo and then Kate returned to school.

The other children attended the ordinary school across the street.

We lived in a part of the Wilkins house in the second ward. Garnet was the baby born the year before on September 29, 1878 at the farm.

Along the middle of the year Mary was asked by the Trustees of the Third Ward of Provo to teach school. This school was of mixed grades as were all ward schools at that time. The teachers were paid about a dollar a head for ten weeks, and the parents paid about a dollar and a quarter a head. This made a total fee of \$2.25 each.

Reinhardt Maesar, son of Dr. Maesar, had just returned from a mission to Germany. He was tall and dignified and of excellent habits and a faithful member of the church. The girl who received his attentions was considered very fortunate. He taught a school in the Provo first ward. My sister Mary was nearly 21 and a beautiful girl. He was a desirable young man of 25 years. They became lovers and by midwinter were engaged to be married.

Mother moved home for the spring work and we girls kept house till school was out.

Mary and Reinhardt were married on May 27, 1880 in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. We had the wedding reception at the farm. We cooked for three days and cleaned and made ready for the feast. Six chickens were cooked, a bride's cake and a groom's cake—pies and pies—potatoes—beets and corn. Everyone was literally stuffed. Mother and the first wife prepared this feast. The Maesars consisted of Dr. Maesar, his two wives Anna and Amelia, the children—Otilie, Emil, Nettie, Era and Anna. There were some relatives of the Maesars from Salt Lake and some friends. Also some friends of our family. All told there were about fifty guests.

The young couple set up housekeeping in the Joe and Rinda McEwan house close to the Maesar home. Mary had a nice home. Homemade carpet to start with that we had all worked at to make. And so they started out quite cozy. They bought some furniture from Geo. Taylor, father of T. N. Taylor, of Dixon, Taylor and Russell.

The next year Mother moved to Provo again, some distance from Reinhardt and Mary, but still within walking distance. Kate and I went to the Brigham Young University and Will, Ed, Frank and Bert attended the grade school. Garnet was the baby at home.

In March of 1881 a very sad thing happened. Mary fell down stairs. Her son was born prematurely, dead. She lay in a serious condition for a month. Dr. Pike battled to save her life, but on April 5 she passed away. Again we were crushed with grief. While Mother had moved back to the farm, she and Father were with her to the end. The funeral was held at the Stake Tabernacle in Provo on April 8 and her remains were laid at rest in the Provo Cemetery in the Friel family plot.

Reinhardt taught that next year in Beaver, Utah. He married Sarah Sheperd in Beaver and was appointed head of the Beaver Academy. He was called to teach in the Brigham Young University in 1918. He died suddenly while in school in 1928.

In June 1881 I graduated from the Brigham Young University. My classmates were Simon P. Eggertson (died 1940), Dan Harrington (city judge), A. J. Stewart of Benjamin, Utah (still alive), N. L. Nelson (living in Vernal, Utah) Sarah Sheperd (later Mrs. Reinhardt Maesar), Rose Lee (Mrs. George Sutherland), Ida Keat and Hannah Reese (Mrs. Anderson). Sade (Sarah) Sheperd is an invalid from a fall. Rose Lee is with her husband, Justice George Sutherland of the U. S. Supreme Court, in Washington, D. C. I do not know about the others.

I began teaching in the Third Ward of Springville. It was about 2 miles from home and Father took us in the wagon in bad weather. It was a mixed school—the Chart Class and First to Fifth grades. I had about 45 children the first term.

The next year, 1882, the first wife rented a house in Provo and kept school boarders at \$3.50 per week. Kate went to the Brigham Young University that year and graduated in June 1882. Of course Mother had to keep a hired girl while we both were otherwise engaged.

The work was very hard. There was milk and butter to attend—bread to make for a family—fruit to pick and dry. In

those years there was something to be woven in the loom as well.

On Sunday, March 26, 1882 Charles was born. Mrs. Sarah A. Wing was the midwife. Father and I and a woman by the name of Mrs. Lettie Blood were present. This made eight living children and four dead. Two of those dead had lived to maturity.

Father was very much interested in horses and in horse breaking. He had several books on horse breeding and breaking, and every winter had some man at the place to "break" the young horses.

I had forgotten to say that father put up enough ice every winter to last us through the summer. We had ice cream very often. Every summer when the circus came to Provo, he would sell them enough ice to pay for tickets for the family.

Father was very much interested in the study of medicine. It was his failing to buy every medical book he could secure. He often said that if he were young again that he would study medicine.

T H E F A R M D E B T

Sometime in 1869 or 1870 Father signed a note to a man in Provo whose name will not be given here. When the note was due he took the money to Provo to pay the note. Aunt Hannah, his first wife, was with him. They met the man on the street and paid him the amount of money due. The man promised to give Father the cancelled note at a later date when he was home, Aunt Hannah witnessed the transaction. A year elapsed and the note was never returned. Father was shocked to have a suit filed against him for the amount of the note with interest. He contested the claim but was advised by the court that the evidence of the wife had no standing in court. Many years of litigation, lawyers' fees and costs resulted in his having to sell part of the farm and horses and cattle to pay in excess of \$6,000.00, which could have been settled when the suit was first filed for about \$300.00. Early in the litigation part of the farm was mortgaged for \$3,000.00 to settle the suit, but Aunt Hannah persuaded Father to let her have the money to invest in a Boarding House. This venture proved a terrible failure, and produced nothing but expense. As a result of

this venture Aunt Hannah and Father quarreled and it finally resulted in her securing a divorce in 1884. Father was really broken hearted since he loved her dearly. She kept the boarding house.

In 1882 Kate graduated from the Brigham Young University and started teaching in Lehi, 30 miles north of Springville.

O U R S O C I A L L I F E

The first year I taught I bought an organ, and from her first earnings Kate bought a guitar. We learned to play and to sing. Evan Stephens gave several singing school courses in Springville at the meeting house. More than a hundred music lovers took that course. We were in chorus work, quartettes and duets from then on. George Harrison was head of the choir and Fred Weight was the organist. The whole town talked music. Nephi Packard was bishop.

The winter of 1884-5 Madam Patti sang in Salt Lake City at the Great Tabernacle. Hundreds of people went on the train to hear her and then returned home after the concert. Automobiles had never been heard of except in Mother Shipton's prophecies. Well, Kate and I heard her sing! That was 56 years ago. Patti was then 42 years old. She was dressed in white or cream colored satin with a long train and was ablaze with diamonds. She sang six times, not opera, but ballads we all loved: "Then You'll Remember Me," "Last Rose of Summer," "Within a Mile of Edinburgh," "Annie Laurie," "Home Sweet Home," "Comin' Thru the Rye."

The Tabernacle was filled and the people were so still you could scarcely hear a breath till she finished, when they broke forth in long applause. There was then no means of preserving the tone of the human voice, but to me, that was the most beautiful voice I have ever heard before or since. I question whether there has ever been another voice so beautiful. She was with a company of other artists. It was reported that she received \$5,000.00 for each performance.

Things moved slowly. In 1886 Kate was still teaching in Lehi and I was teaching in Mapleton in 1887.

In 1888 the youngest baby, Charles, was six years old. It was early fall and the hay had been harvested. Mother was alone with him on the farm. Early one hot afternoon Charles came running to his Mother to say that the hay stacks were on fire. Mother rushed to the yard with a bucket of water and when she saw that the stacks were doomed she threw the water on little Charles. The hay was all burned, as well as the barn and other out buildings. This was a severe loss.

In 1889 the farm had to be sold or lost because of the old debt mentioned heretofore. A sale was made to Geo. R. Hill for \$13,000.00 and the old obligation was finally cleared.

Father had always wanted to go to Mexico but Mother and the children vetoed this plan. He purchased a small farm on the south edge of Springville from Erie Stewart. There was some difficulty in getting Stewart out of the house so the family was moved to the old two-story Snow home just a short distance from the Stewart place. Mother contracted typhoid fever while in this place and nearly died.

This was a good farm of about 26 acres and a nice 4-room brick house, with out buildings, granary and cellar. They raised considerable hay and Father bought \$1,300.00 worth of cattle to consume the hay. The cattle would be ranged in the nearby mountains in the summer and fed in the winter. The fat steers were sold for beef and the cows kept for milking. In later years the milk was sold to the dairy to save Mother the work of making butter and cheese. There were all kinds of fruit trees on the place so that Mother put up apples, apricots, pears, plums, peaches, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, besides making jellies and jams of all of them. In the fall, pigs were killed and bacon and ham cured for the winter. All of the by-products of the pigs were saved, such as lard, head cheese and "pig's knuckles." Barrels of sauerkraut were prepared. Potatoes and apples were pitted to be opened and used during the winter. Wheat was taken to the mill and flour brought back. Oats and barley were raised for feed for the stock. Many large squash were raised, as well as carrots to feed the milk cows during the winter. While it had been the lot of Mother to

milk all the cows and take care of the milk in days bygone, much of that work was now done by the grown boys. In 1890 Will was 21, Ed 19, Frank 17, Bert 15, Garnet 10 and Charles 8. Frank and Bert got jobs on the railroad and the other boys stayed on the farm.

A good fence was put around the new place, an artesian well driven and lawns and flowers planted. There was a huge box elder tree in front of the house where the children loved to play.

Kate married Ole Ellingson in the Manti Temple June 12, 1889. Mother had just recovered from typhoid fever and was not yet strong, so when Kate was married she just prepared dinner for the family and had no guests. Ole and Kate went to live in Lehi. They had a nice little three-room cottage neatly and cozily furnished. Ole worked at the Lehi Co-op store under Thomas R. Cutler, who was then its manager.

August 1, 1890 Kate had a baby girl. She was born at our home. It was the first grandchild and they named her Marie. Of course this grandchild was a great event and we all rejoiced.

On October 5, 1890 I was married to Samuel Morgan Davis at home by Bishop Nephi Packard. Sam had two children—William 10 and Ella 8. Their mother had died six years before. Mother had a wedding supper. Sam's father and mother and two children were there; Ole and Kate and all of our family, Sam's brother-in-law and sister, Sarah, and baby Emily; Sam's first wife's brother, Day McIntosh and wife, Thursa. There were a lot of guests besides.

I believe it was in the summer of 1889 or 1890 that John L. Sullivan fought Jake Kilrain. Father was then about 68 years old and as enthused over this fight as any young man could have been. The fight was held in New Orleans. Very few telephones had been installed in the town then, so most of the news was received through the telephone at the Post Office. Father stood at the Post Office the whole six hours to get the news of that fight. He had followed the preparation and training of the "Muldoons" and it would have been a great disappointment if anything had kept him from that fight.

In Utah there had always been two political parties—Mormon or Peoples Party and the Non-Mormons. The leaders of the church encouraged the people to forget those two parties and take part with the two national parties—the Republicans and Democrats. Thus the Mormon Church rid itself of a very embarrassing situation.

Kate's husband, Ole Ellingson, was a grandson on his mother's side of Bishop David Evans of Lehi, a very prominent man in early Utah history. Ole was a very exemplary young man. He had a home ready for his bride and a good job. Ole's father was born in Norway and was converted to the church by Kanute Peterson, whose home was in Lehi. He was sent on a mission to Scandinavia. Peterson was a well known churchman and was later sent to San Pete County, and was stake president there for many years. Ole was born in Lehi in 1864. His mother's name was Abigail.

My husband was born in the town of Altrven-Glamorganshire, South Wales. John Howell and Eliza Morgan Davis were his parents. A Welshman, Dan Jones, well known in Utah as well as Wales, converted this family to the church in 1860 and in 1861 they crossed the plains and settled in St. John, Tooele County, Utah. Sam was the eldest son. Eliza's brothers, William and Evan Morgan, had a cabin ready for them when they arrived. Sam married Mary Ann McIntosh and they had four children, John Samuel, William Alvin, Ella Elizabeth and Mary Ann Joyce. The wife died at the birth of the last child. It died shortly after. John Samuel died at the age of 8 of diphtheria. Sam had in his youth worked for sheepmen and gradually acquired a herd of sheep of his own. So when he and I were married he owned 3,000 head of sheep. The summer range was the San Pete Mountains and the winter range in the Deep Creek Country on the Nevada Desert. In 1888 he bought the Malmston place on Mapleton Bench. In 1890, he and James Caffrey entered into the furniture business in a new two-story building in Springville. He bought a new home about a block from the furniture store and spent part of his time in the store and part with the sheep. Sam's parents sold their home in Tooele and moved to Springville, so we were all now located in the same town.

The first brick school building was built in Springville in the summer of 1891. This was two stories, six class rooms and two halls. It was one block east of our house. Andrew Morgan was the principal. The school was graded from the lowest—"First Grade" to the highest—"Eighth Grade." Mary Craig, a charming and well educated young woman from Canyon City, Colorado, lived with us and taught in this new school.

John Hafen, the noted artist from Switzerland, lived in Springville and had a very hard time to make a living. The Mormon Church sent Hafen to Paris in 1892 to complete his education in painting.

Cyrus E. Dallin, the noted sculptor, was born there. Friends recognized his ability and assisted him to get to Boston and then to Paris to study.

Springville adopted prohibition in 1891. On July 2, 1892 my first baby was born. We named him Samuel Friel Davis. This was the first grandson for Father and Mother. We had many delightful visits with Father and Mother with our babies—Kate and Ole and Sam and I. Kate and Ole had a surrey and a matched team of horses and later we had one too. That was considered a pretty nice way to travel and to visit around. They came to Springville and we went to Lehi.

The first bank was established in Springville in 1892 and James Caffrey was made its cashier. It was named "Springville Banking Company."

The first bank was established in Lehi the same year and Ole became the cashier.

The World's Fair commemorating the 400 years after discovery of America by Columbus was held in Chicago in 1892. Sam took two carloads of sheep to Chicago and while there enjoyed the Fair. The Tabernacle Choir of 400 voices, led by Evan Stephens, sang in contest and took first place.

Grover Cleveland was President. It was his second term. He had distinguished himself in his first term by his wise decisions in civil service reform. The issues of the second term were tariff and free trade. The Free Traders were elected. By 1893 times were

hard and there were thousands of idle men. By 1894 times were much worse, and the people blamed Cleveland for this condition. Coxy's Army went through the country taking possession of trains to travel to Washington. As they passed through the towns the people gave them food and clothes. Wool that had sold at 14 cents now sold for 6 cents per pound. Sheep dropped from \$4.00 per head to \$1.00, and men worked for seventy-five cents per day in "trade."

On April 24, 1894 my second child was born. We named him Lew Wallace for the author of "Ben Hur." We felt that that book, depicting the miracles of our Saviour with such beauty and sublimity, made us desire to honor the author.

In about 1882 Father got hold of a paper called "Washington's Vision." It was after the Revolutionary War and the new republic was at peace. I cannot remember if Washington was awake or asleep and dreaming, but an angel appeared before him and showed him the various wars the nation would go through. One had already passed. The angel addressed Washington as the "Son of the Republic" and showed him the other wars that would occur after his death. And the angel then said, "Son of the Republic, the last and most deadly combat will be with the yellow race. After which will come a lasting peace."

Now that was 60 years ago that Father read that paper and discussed it with his family. At that time the United States was making laws against the Chinese, and Father thought the "Yellow Race" meant the Chinese.

Recently I had the pleasure of seeing a copy of Washington's Vision, but that copy had no reference to the yellow race. However, I am sure that the copies in circulation at that date did have such reference. At any rate we are now at war with a yellow race and God grant that it may be the last war. Twenty-five years ago, while we lived in St. Anthony and Parker, Idaho, there were more than 500 Japs working on the farms. They often said "Sometime Japan take California, Oh Yes!"

On July 17, 1895 my brother Will was married to Mary Craig, the young school teacher who had been living with Sam and me.

The ceremony was performed at my home by Bishop Loynd. Mary belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Her parents were from South Carolina and settled in Canyon City, Colorado. We all adjourned to Mother's home and had a chicken banquet that night. Will was a partner with Mark Cook in a brick manufacturing business south of Springville. The couple rented the Mattie Huntington home and started housekeeping.

Because of the extremely "hard times," the election that fall was very bitterly contested. Sam ran for mayor of Springville and was defeated by three votes. Manny Deal was elected. Tariff and free trade were the issues. The Republicans contended that a high tariff would protect and build up our industries and put money in circulation. Everyone would be able to secure employment and buy the necessities of life. Under free trade the price of everything would be very low but people would have *nothing* to buy with. McKinley, the Republican, was elected and conditions began to improve.

That November 18, 1895 my first daughter was born. We named her Mary Margaret and called her Madge.

On July 17, 1896 Mary, Will's wife, presented him with a son. They named him Craig Marvell and called him Craig. They moved to Eureka that year and the next year to Florence, Colorado and Will worked at a smelter. He had only worked in this plant a little more than a year when his jumper sleeve caught in some unprotected cogs and was drawn in. His arm was crushed, his kidney smashed, and several vertebrae broken. He was in the hospital for months. Dr. Brooks did a remarkable job of surgery. While there is no bone in part of the arm, he has been able to use it to good advantage.

It was in 1899 that Bert joined the Army as a telegraph operator in the Signal Corps, to be immediately transferred to the Philippine Islands. He remained in the Philippine Islands for many years.

On September 25, 1898 my son George was born. It was in 1898, August I believe, that Charlie went to work in the bank in Lehi under Ole Ellingson, Kate's husband. He was then 16 years

old. He had completed the grade schools in Springville and took the eighth grade the second time and then one year of college work in the Hungerford Academy.

Kate and Ole's family had increased to six: Marie, Ole Wayne, Ernest Winfred, Edward Francis, Reed and Erma Katherine. Erma Katherine was born October 28, 1901 in Magrath, Canada, the new home to which they had moved. Mark and Sherwin were born in Magrath, Canada, making their family eight in all.

Frank married Ethel Armenia Box on October 31, 1899 in Provo, Utah. Ethel was born in Payson, Utah January 14, 1880. Her parents were Martin and Lois Haws Box. They lived with Mother and Father the first winter.

In April, 1902 we moved to St. Anthony, Idaho, on a farm which Sam had purchased the previous year. He was in the sheep business and had moved his sheep there to much better ranges.

Mother and Father had been very good to me and the children while Sam was preparing the home for us in Idaho.

Kate and Ole moved to Magrath, Canada, in April, 1901. Ole went into the cattle business. Charlie remained in Lehi to continue work in the bank.

It was a great shock to Mother and Father to have so many of the children move away.

Mother and Father were almost alone now, only Garnet being home. He was a brakeman on the Tintic branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

November 23, 1904 Ed married Julia Frances Taylor and lived with Mother and Father and kept the small farm up.

During the winter of 1904-1905 Father suffered from severe pains in his back.

Charlie was spending considerable time in training the help in a bank in Spanish Fork and would often stop over to see the folks before going on to Spanish Fork.

He called early in the evening of April 9, 1905 and had a long talk with Father. Father briefly reviewed his long and eventful life and stated that he felt he was ready to go any time. He felt so

helpless after having been so active all his life. He seemed relaxed and contented.

Later in the evening he began to fail rapidly, and while the doctor was summoned, it was of no avail. He passed away at 3 a. m., April tenth. His work was now done and he had answered the call of his Father in Heaven.

Upon receiving word of his death I took Madge and George with me to Springville.

Ed and Garnet were home. He died on Monday and was buried in the family plot in the Provo cemetery on Thursday. Charlie, Garnet, Ed and myself were the only children able to attend the services. Kate was in Magrath, Canada, Will was in California, Bert was in the Philippine Islands.

Father and Mother were generous to a fault. They entertained hundreds of people at the old farm north of Springville.

Father was a self-educated man. He knew the Bible and the Classics almost by heart. He could quote prose and poetry and tell stories without end.

He loved to see anyone from Ireland. Bridget Houtz was a dear friend of the family and could reminisce with him about the "Old Country."

He formed the acquaintance of Pat Ward, another Irishman fresh from the Old Country, soon after moving to the place south of Springville. Pat was a staunch friend of the family to the very last. Pat sent for a beautiful young Irish girl to come from Ireland to be his wife. Many evenings were spent by them in the tales of the Emerald Isle—the Blarney Stone, the Banshee and the "Fenians of Erin."

After Father's death, the Wards were very, very close to Mother until her death. They took a personal interest in her to see that she never lacked for anything.

Mother visited Kate and family in Canada in 1906, and in 1918 spent several months in California with Will and family, but she was never content away from her own little home.

Mother's garden and yard were always beautiful. She loved flowers and always had them in and out of the house.

Father was 18 years older than Mother. Mother suffered for two or three years with pains in her stomach. Several doctors were consulted but they all agreed that the symptoms indicated that relief would be only temporary following an operation. She decided that she would not permit an operation. During the night of May 14, 1924 she passed away at the age of 83. Bert and Will came from California to see her before her death. Kate attended the funeral from her home in St. Anthony, Idaho.

After a beautiful service she was placed at rest with the man she had chosen as her husband for all time and eternity.

HANNAH SHARP FRIEL DAVIS

M O T H E R

1841-1924

Margaret Ann Herbel was born in St. Johns, New Brunswick, November 1841. Her father, John Herbel, whose ancestors were German, was short and squarely built, with blond hair and blue eyes. Her mother, Eliza Ann Sharp, of English descent, was tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes.

Margaret, as she was always called, had two brothers older than herself; Cornelius, two years and eight months, and John, one year and six months. When she was two years old, a baby brother was born who was named Peter.

Cornelius and Peter both died, and when Margaret was four years old, her lovely mother also passed away. Her father then took John and went away to find work, leaving Margaret with her Grandfather Sharp's sister, Priscilla, and husband Elijah Crabb who had a large family of their own, but who still found room for the little motherless girl. Many of her memories of the four years with the Crabbs were vague, but it delighted her in later years to recall that they were all very kind to her and that Uncle Elijah always called her "his eye tooth." She also remembered that she used to stand on a wooden box to help with the dishes.

When she was about eight years old, her mother's sister, Hannah Elizabeth Sharp and Edward Friel, who had been married several years and were childless, wanted her to live with them on their little farm near the woods.

She soon grew to love the new home and the kind foster parents. She loved the outskirts of the woods where she picked wild blackberries and strawberries in the summer time. She was not allowed to go into the forest alone for fear of meeting bears or getting lost. She was well aware of the dangers lurking in those lovely woods, for she, too, had heard the squeals of the pigs one night when the hungry bears had dared attack and devour them.

However, in the early springtime, when all the men of the neighborhood set forth to get the sap from the maple trees, she

could go into the deep woods and watch the process of boiling the sweet syrup into sugar.

Some time after the "sugaring off" was completed, and the snow was nearly gone outside the forest, though there was still a good deal of it underneath the trees and brush of the woods, a man came by the house and told Margaret that Mrs. Jamison, who lived on the other side of the woods, had had a baby. Margaret was eager to see the new-born baby and hoped that she might hold it in her arms. She coaxed and pleaded with her aunt to let her go at once, but she was told that it was too far around the woods for her to make the trip. She was sure she could follow the path through the woods and then be back early in the day, and as a result of her eagerness and persuasion, her aunt consented to let her go through the woods.

She gaily started out with her little white dog scampering beside her. Upon entering the woods, she found many paths in every direction, which the men had made as they traveled on their snowshoes getting the sap from the sugar maple trees. She kept choosing the path she thought was right until she must have walked for hours. She became so tired she sat down on a fallen log to rest. Then it began to snow, but she was so tired it did not matter. She had nearly gone to sleep when her little dog began barking loudly and pulling at her sleeve. He would not be still until she again started walking. Walk as she would, she could not find her way out of the forest, but whenever she tried to rest, the dog would wildly bark and pull at her clothes.

When her uncle came home from work and found that she had left before noon to go through the woods and that she had not returned, he was desperately alarmed. He took his gun and snowshoes and went by way of the road, thinking he might meet her coming back that way. He did not meet her, nor had she been to the Jamisons'. He and several other men then went into the woods on snowshoes, each with a gun, for they knew by this time that she had lost her way. They decided that whoever found her should discharge his gun into the air to let the others know. They went in different directions so as to cover the entire area. After travel-

ing swiftly for half an hour, her uncle heard the dog barking, and hurried to the spot. There he found the little lost girl sitting down, too tired to go farther, with the dog trying madly to get her to go on. Her uncle carried her home on his back, and all night long, in troubled dreams, she was walking in snow trying to find the right path. Her uncle told her that the dog had really saved her life as she would have fallen asleep without him. The little white dog was especially loved from that day on.

When Margaret was ten years old, her father returned and wanted to take her with him, but she did not want to leave her aunt and uncle who had been so kind to her and whom she loved dearly. She never heard from her father again.

In 1852, some L. D. S. missionaries came to that part of the country and held cottage meetings and preached the Gospel. Edward, Hannah and Margaret were converted and baptized January 16, 1854. They were very enthusiastic believers and walked many miles to attend meetings.

About this time, Hannah and Edward adopted a baby boy whom they called George. They all adored him, but he only lived nine months.

In 1854, they sold the little farm and all their belongings except clothes and bedding, and joined a company which was going to Utah. They and seven other families from the neighborhood went by stage to St. Johns, New Brunswick, and from there to Boston by boat. From Boston, they went on the train to St. Louis, Missouri, where the men bought wagons, oxen, cows and all the necessary food and clothing to take on the journey to Salt Lake City. They waited six weeks in St. Louis for the man who was to be their leader across the Plains, Captain James Brown. They had left New Brunswick in early March, and it was the 29th of September when they arrived in Salt Lake City.

The trip would not have been terribly hard had the cholera not caused so much sickness and death. Margaret walked many miles each day, but when she did not feel well, she could ride. Her aunt was not afraid of cholera so spent a good part of each day and night trying to relieve the sick and preparing the dead for burial.

A neighbor and friend of Hannah and Edward buried his wife and five children on the prairie within a few days, from that dreadful disease. Many died on that memorable journey.

That fall and winter after their arrival, Hannah was in bed most of the time with mountain fever. The cookstove they had brought across the plains was traded for a cow and some sheep, and Margaret and Hannah did their cooking in a fireplace.

The next spring, the wool they sheared from the sheep was carded into rolls and spun into yarn by Hannah and Margaret, and it was from part of that yarn that they knitted many pairs of gloves and mittens. These were eagerly bought by the men of the neighborhood. Before winter came, they visited the grainfields and found suitable straw for making hats. During the winter, they braided the straw, shaped, blocked and pressed some very fine looking hats which the men eagerly bought and proudly wore. They also procured a loom and wove cloth from which they made dresses for themselves and clothes for Edward. Every stitch of sewing was done by hand.

While Edward took care of his farm, the women made a fine garden, always having plenty for themselves and much to give to those less fortunate. They had many kinds of vegetables. From beets, they made a palatable molasses; and from the sweet inner part of the watermelon, they boiled a delicious syrup in which they preserved the rind of the watermelon. Owing to the scarcity of sugar, the people began raising sorghum cane, from which they made a fine molasses. They worked hard, made a comfortable home, and always paid their tithing and fast offerings. They were always willing and even eager to help those in need.

On November 16, 1855, Margaret was married in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City to Edward Friel, a plural wife to the husband of her Aunt Hannah. They continued to live in the same house and work together.

In June, 1857, Margaret had a baby girl whom they named Ann Elizabeth. In June 1858, when the people of Utah were told by Brigham Young to move south before the Johnstone Army could come into their cities, Edward and his family moved south

to Payson, where they stopped for a short time; then went to Spanish Fork for a year, where Mary Eliza was born.

After an understanding was reached between the Army and the Mormon people, many people returned to their homes, but Edward disposed of his property in Ogden, lived in Provo for a time, then bought a farm about 1½ miles north of Springville.

Here Edward planted a fine orchard, raised horses and cows, and did general farm work. Twelve children were born to Edward and Margaret. Two boys died in infancy, four girls and six boys lived to maturity. The children were:

Ann Elizabeth . . .	1857	Edward Cornelius . .	1869
Mary Eliza . . .	1859	Stephen Francis . .	1871
Charles Edward . .	1861	Gilbert Harper . .	1874
(died in infancy		Chesley Winfred . .	1876
Hannah Sharp . .	1863	(died in infancy)	
Katherine Sweeney .	1865	Garnet Whittier . .	1878
James William . .	1867	Charles Camden . .	1882

Here she worked hard for many years, for and with her husband and children “in a house by the side of the road,” always giving generously of her food or whatever else she had to any poor traveler who stopped in passing that way.

When her oldest children became of school age, she moved into Springville so they would be near the school house. When the older ones finished the public school there, she moved to Provo for several years in order that they might attend the Brigham Young Academy.

It was a great sorrow to her when her oldest daughter, Ann Elizabeth, passed away in 1875. In 1881, Mary Eliza, married less than a year, also died.

Hannah, Edward’s first wife, had left the farm and made her home in Salt Lake City at this time.

In 1889, Edward and Margaret sold the farm and most of the livestock and bought a little home with a few acres of land at the edge of Springville. Here they planted a small orchard, kept several cows, a team of horses, a few chickens, and still were farmers.

Margaret was slender and slightly built, square shouldered,

very lithe and quick of movement. She had light brown hair and keen blue eyes, which even in her old age, still retained their deep color, their twinkle of amusement or blaze of righteous indignation. She was impulsive and quick to pass judgment — which was sometimes wrong — but her predominant qualities were her boundless energy, industry, and wholehearted charity for others. She never hesitated to deny herself comforts and even necessities in order to make others comfortable and happy.

It was her burning ambition and desire to have her children properly educated and cultured. While they were growing up, no discomfort or hardship was too great for her to bear in order to promote their development. The daughters, a bit ruefully, tell this story, which seems characteristic of Margaret's sacrifices.

Over a period of time she had carefully saved all the money derived from the sale of geese she had been raising in the hope of buying a new stove. About this time, an elocution teacher came to town and so eloquent was he that the girls felt their education could never be complete without a course of his lessons. Enthusiastically they rushed home to their mother, saying that "they simply must have elocution lessons." Though she may have felt misgivings at the loss of her cherished "stove money," still she cheerfully turned it all over to the girls, one of whom still declares she never could have taught school without those lessons.

Although Margaret worked hard all her life, even doing menial labor at times, still she impressed upon her children the worth of truth, honesty, fairness, and courage to face life and its problems. Her own indomitable courage and strength of purpose, her absolute honesty and fairness in all dealings, served as a constant model of virtue to her children.

As each of her children left home she would say to them: "If you would be happy and successful, you must learn to love your work." She loved her life's work and was very happy.

There was never a time when she could be swerved from the path of what she felt to be her duty. One time during a diphtheria scare in Springville, her neighbor, whose husband was away working in a mine, had six children stricken with the disease. As every-

one was in terror of the malady, no one could be found to assist in the care of the children, and the mother was frantic. At that time, Margaret had only her husband and three sons at home, so she felt it was up to her to help take care of the stricken family. Each day she left her home, changed her clothes in a nearby shed, then went into the neighbor's home and took care of the nursing and management of the home. At the end of the day, she again went to the shed, thoroughly washed herself, changed her clothes and returned to her own home. One of her sons scolded her, saying that she was endangering their lives, but her reply to him was:

“If you are afraid, you had better go somewhere else to live, because I couldn't let that family go on without some assistance.”

The mayor of the town, a big, blustery man, heard of her daily contact with the disease, and became incensed. He came raging to her, telling her that she was breaking the law and could be imprisoned. She told him that if he had done his duty, she would not need to be taking care of them, but that until he found someone to replace her, she intended to continue. Needless to say, she nursed and cared for them until the mayor could replace her. The mother and children were forever grateful to her and to Edward who had approved her action and had also helped the family in many ways.

By this time, the children were married and gone from the home, with the exception of one son, Garnet.

On April 10, 1905, her beloved husband, Edward, passed away at the age of eighty-three years. Margaret greatly missed his quiet companionship, his scholarly mind, and his fine, wholesome philosophies. Edward had always been somewhat idealistic, and it was Margaret's aggressive spirit and determination that helped him in countless ways.

Several years later, Garnet married, leaving Margaret alone. She sometimes visited with her children, but throughout her lifetime, she still kept the little home.

During the remainder of her full and useful life, she tried to occupy herself by helping others, and by taking care of her own

needs. She had always been independent by nature, and insisted upon never being a burden to her children or to anyone else.

She kept her keen sense of humor, her deep-rooted sense of right and wrong, and her ability to meet any problem that might present itself. It had always been her boast that no one had ever been late to school, to catch a train, or to meet an appointment from her house, and even when she lay in her last illness, she was still directing everyone else around her.

Six of her twelve children preceded her in death. She left six living children, twenty-nine grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren.

Margaret Ann Herbel Friel passed away May 13, 1924 in her eighty-third year, nineteen years after the death of her husband.

As her children grew older, the more sincerely they admired and appreciated her high standards of honor and morality, and the splendid energy she put into all her work. I am sure they all are grateful for the many fine characteristics of Margaret and Edward—their noble pioneer parents.

KATHERINE SWEENEY FRIEL ELLINGSON.

Poem written by Hannah following a reunion of her family held in Idaho during the summer of 1941.

* * * * *

T H E H O M E C O M I N G

*Oh, glorious day; Oh, joy supreme!
Is this real or just a dream?
My brood all home once more with me
To talk of things that used to be.*

*Back to the River and Teton Peaks
Back to the fields of waving wheat;
Back to the land of Idaho
Just for a day and then to go.*

*Back from their work
Where the tests they've stood;
Back from the world
Where they've all made good.*

*And I thank my Lord for this sweet day;
For better things I could not pray.
Its memories will live with me
Through time and all eternity.*



DESCENDANTS OF MARGARET ANN HERBEL FRIEL

ANN ELIZABETH—Born June 18, 1857, Ogden, Utah; died November 30, 1875, Springville, Utah.

MARY ELIZA—Born April 8, 1859, Spanish Fork, Utah; died April 5, 1881, Provo, Utah; married May 26, 1880, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

REINHARDT MAESAR—Born March 1, 1855, Dresden, Germany.

CHARLES EDWARD—Born June 29, 1861, Springville, Utah; died March 26, 1862, Springville, Utah.

HANNAH SHARP—Born March 11, 1863, Springville, Utah; married October 5, 1891, Springville, Utah, to—

SAMUEL LLEWELLYN DAVIS—Born January 31, 1857, Altrven, Glamorganshire, South Wales; died January 10, 1908, Parker, Idaho.

First Child:

SAMUEL FRIEL DAVIS—Born July 2, 1892, Springville, Utah; married June 6, 1916, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

TEMPERANCE MASON—Born October 15, 1892, Parker, Idaho.

1st Grandchild:

MARIE—Born April 6, 1918, Parker, Idaho; married November 24, 1939, Las Vegas, Nevada, to—

LEWIS EUGENE WELLS—Born June 15, 1915, Talbert, California.

Great-Grandchildren:

DOUGLAS DELOY—Born November 18, 1940, Las Vegas, Nevada.

STEPHEN LEON—Born December 3, 1944, Las Vegas, Nevada.

2nd Grandchild:

SAMUEL MASON—Born April 21, 1923, Parker, Idaho; married April 17, 1946, St. George, Utah, to—

MERVA BUNKER—Born June 4, 1920, Bunkerville, Nevada.

Great-Grandchild:

PAUL BUNKER—Born January 31, 1947, Las Vegas, Nevada.

3rd Grandchild:

GWENDOLYN—Born May 6, 1925, Parker, Idaho; married January 4, 1946, Manti, Utah, to—

ARTHUR DANIEL PETERSON—Born September 4, 1924, Ogden, Utah.

Great-Grandchild:

SANDRA HAY—Born October 24, 1946, Ogden, Utah.

4th Grandchild:

PAMELA—Born October 17, 1926, Fornum, Idaho.

Second Child:

LEW WALLACE—Born April 24, 1894, Springville, Utah; died February 19, 1947, St. Anthony, Idaho; married October 20, 1917, Rigby, Idaho, to—

ETHELYN CAROLYN RICE—Born June 21, 1891, Rigby, Idaho.

1st Grandchild:

MARJORIE—Born October 30, 1919, Parker, Idaho; married January 2, 1940, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

BEN DARWIN BROWNING—Born September 11, 1918, Antelope, Idaho.

Great-Grandchildren:

KAY—Born September 17, 1940, St. Anthony, Idaho.

RONALD—Born January 2, 1942, St. Anthony, Idaho

2nd Grandchild:

DONNA—Born March 30, 1922, Parker, Idaho.

3rd Grandchild:

BETTY LOU—Born April 10, 1924, Parker, Idaho; married April 10, 1945, Salt Lake City Utah, to—

CLEVE MARLER TIBBETTS—Born September 16, 1921, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Great-Grandchildren:

CAMILLE—Born March 28, 1946, Salt Lake City, Utah.

4th Grandchild:

HERBERT RICE—Born February 28, 1928, St. Anthony, Idaho; married June 28, 1947, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

MAXINE NORRIS—Born October 25, 1928, in Parker, Idaho.

Third Child:

MARY MARGARET—Born November 18, 1895, Springville, Utah; married March 9, 1918, Dillon, Montana, to—

WALTER A. RICHIE—Born September 6, 1890, San Francisco, California.

Grandchild

JUANITA—Born February 23, 1919, Parker, Idaho; married August 1, 1942, Las Vegas, Nevada, to—

MILTON ELISHA LEWIS—Born November 8, 1921, Dallas, Texas.

Great-Grandchildren:

THOMAS RITCHIE—Born August 22, 1944, Las Vegas, Nevada.

RITCHIE MILTON—Born October 31, 1945, Brigham City, Utah.

Fourth Child:

GEORGE EDWARD—Born September 25, 1898, Springville, Utah; married July 3, 1927, Los Angeles, California, to—

ENID HARRIS—Born February 14, 1900.

Grandchild:

ELAINE NADINE—Born April 10, 1930, Los Angeles, California.

Fifth Child:

ELIZA GLADYS—Born May 14, 1903, Parker, Idaho; died September 6, 1903, Parker, Idaho.

Sixth Child:

PORTIA VIRGINIA—Born February 3, 1906, Parker, Idaho; married July 1, 1937, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

MYRON MAESAR CRANDALL—Born April 10, 1903, Springville, Utah.

Grandchild:

CAMELLIA MARGARET—Born October 30, 1948, Salt Lake City, Utah.

KATHERINE SWEENEY—Born April 5, 1865, Springville, Utah; died in Rochester, New York, September 10, 1943; married June 12, 1889, Manti, Utah, to—

OLE ELLINGSON—Born September 23, 1864, Lehi, Utah; died December 3, 1932, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

First Child:

MARIE—Born August 1, 1891, Springville, Utah; died April 20, 1915, Parker, Idaho; married July 18, 1913, Parker, Idaho, to—

NAPOLEON GROVER—Born December 9, 1889, Parker, Idaho; died January 5, 1923, Boise, Idaho.

Grandchild:

BERNICE MARIE—Born April 18, 1915, Parker, Idaho; died April 21, 1915, Parker, Idaho.

Second Child:

OLE WAYNE—Born July 11, 1883, Lehi, Utah; married March, 1933, Logan, Utah, to—

GLADYS LONG GARNIER—Born January 1, 1901.

Grandchild:

HAROLD GARNIER—Born September 15, 1923, Pueblo, Colorado.

Third Child:

ERNEST WINFRED—Born April 21, 1895, Lehi, Utah; married July 2, 1918, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

ESTHER PAULINE GRAENIG—Born February 21, 1900, in Minnesota.

1st Grandchild:

ROBERT DONAL—Born June 21, 1921, St. Anthony, Idaho; married October 27, 1945, Cullman, Alabama, to—

EVELYN ELINOR MARTIN—Born May 31, 1919, Cullman, Alabama.

Great-Grandchild:

DONNA EVELYN—Born April 29, 1948, Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

2nd Grandchild:

CAROLYN RUTH—Born April 25, 1940, Council, Idaho.

Fourth Child:

EDWARD FRANCIS—Born July 31, 1897, Lehi, Utah; married January 11, 1932, Chinook, Montana, to—

ANGELA COLE—Born December 28, 1908, Chinook, Montana.

1st Grandchild:

FRANCES ANGELA—Born September 30, 1934, Chinook, Montana.

2nd Grandchild:

LINDA JEANNE—Born February 18, 1943, Havre, Montana.

Fifth Child:

REED—Born July 15, 1899, Lehi, Utah; died December 18, 1900, Lehi, Utah.

Sixth Child:

ERMA KATHERINE—Born October 28, 1901, Magrath, Canada; married December 26, 1934, Cleveland, Ohio, to—

MYLES HILT SINNOTT—Born December 5, 1890, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Seventh Child:

MARK—Born June 5, 1904, Magrath, Canada; married July 12, 1934, Rochester, New York, to—

MARCIA COOKE RANDALL—Born February 12, 1911, Needham, Massachusetts.

1st Grandchild:

LAURA KATHRYN—Born March 21, 1942, Rochester, New York.

2nd Grandchild:

LOUISE ALICE—Born March 21, 1942, Rochester, New York.

3rd Grandchild:

KAREN MARIE—Born March 10, 1945, Rochester, New York.

Eighth Child:

SHERWIN—Born July 13, 1906, Magrath, Canada; married October 9, 1926, Laramie, Wyoming, to—

ETHEL HAZEL CLAYTON—Born October 29, 1892, Butte, Montana.

Grandchild:

JANET—Born April 15, 1932, Santa Cruz, California.

Ninth Child:

HAROLD VICTOR—Born February 26, 1913, Parker, Idaho; married November 18, 1944, Frederick, Maryland, to—

FRANCES JOSEPHINE KADULSKI—Born November 7, 1922, Cleveland Ohio.

JAMES WILLIAM—Born June 29, 1867, Springville, Utah; died in Oakland, California, December 8, 1940; married July 17, 1895, Springville, Utah, to—

MARY ANNA CRAIG—Born November 25, 1869, Canyon City, Colorado.

First Child:

MARVEL CRAIG—Born July 5, 1896, Springville, Utah; married October 16, 1915, Manteca, California, to

EFFIE CLARE BAKER—Born November 16, 1898, Modesto, California.

1st Grandchild:

MARVEL CRAIG—Born July 15, 1918, Manteca, California; married November 23, 1940, Napa, California, to—

KATHERINE HEFLIN—Born February 23, 1917, Napa, California.

2nd Grandchild:

LAURA MARGARET—Born July 29, 1923, Napa, California; married September 5, 1948 to—

RICHARD HALE CLINE—Born February 27, 1924, San Francisco, California.

Great-Grandchildren:

CLAUDINE MARGARET—Born May 8, 1942, Napa, California.

MATTHEW CRAIG—Born January 1, 1945, Napa, California.

Second Child:

WILLIAM LAWRENCE—Born November 1, 1902, Pueblo, Colorado.

Third Child:

GILBERT CAMDEN—Born August 2, 1906, Tehama, California; died August 20, 1908, Eton, Colorado.

Fourth Child:

LESLIE CARLTON—Born December 13, 1910, Atwood, Colorado; married July 19, 1947, New York City, to—

BETTY KADISH—Born in New York City.

EDWARD CORNELIUS—Born August 30, 1869, Springville, Utah; died January 6, 1919, Springville, Utah; married November 23, 1904, Provo, Utah, to—

JULIA FRANCES TAYLOR—Born August 14, 1874, Payson, Utah.

First Child:

BYRON—Born August 23, 1905, Springville, Utah; died September 23, 1906, Springville, Utah.

Second Child:

DAVID—Born January 29, 1907, Springville, Utah; married November 4, 1932, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

MARY MADSEN—Born June 20, 1909, Denmark.

1st Grandchild:

BOYD DAVID—Born December 7, 1933, Provo, Utah.

2nd Grandchild:

CAROL—Born October 29, 1935, Provo, Utah.

3rd Grandchild:

MARY JANE—Born October 29, 1948, Payson, Utah.

Third Child:

RONDO—Born July 1, 1910, Springville, Utah; died June 4, 1933, Springville, Utah.

STEPHEN FRANCIS—Born December 19, 1871, Springville, Utah; died May 13, 1916, Springville, Utah; married October 31, 1899, Provo, Utah, to—

ETHEL ARMENIA BOX—Born January 14, 1880, Payson, Utah.

First Child:

EARL LA MARR—Born June 21, 1901, Payson, Utah; died January 29, 1945, San Mateo, California; married June 23, 1931, Brigham City, Utah, to—

MARGUERITE LUCILE SLUDER—Born September 23, 1912, Brigham City, Utah.

Grandchild:

NADINE—Born April 30, 1936.

Second Child:

GILBERT FRANCIS—Born July 2, 1905, Eureka, Utah; married January 24, 1927, Tooele, Utah, to—

FRANCES WILLARD SCHUYLEMAN—Born November 12, 1905, Portland, Oregon.

1st Grandchild:

STEPHEN FRANCIS—Born September 1, 1932, Salt Lake City, Utah.

2nd Grandchild:

PATRICIA PEARL—Born December 7, 1933, Salt Lake City, Utah.

3rd Grandchild:

SHIRLEY—Born July 28, 1938, Salt Lake City, Utah.

4th Grandchild:

DON J.—Born August 11, 1940, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Third Child:

BLANCHE—Born March 30, 1913, Springville, Utah; married September 16, 1931, Tooele, Utah, to—

CLARENCE DEWEY GRAY—Born ? ? ?

1st Grandchild:

GARY RICHARD—Born June 13, 1935, Salt Lake City, Utah.

2nd Grandchild:

JUANITA DARLENE—Born March 25, 1937, Salt Lake City, Utah.

3rd Grandchild:

BETTE JO—Born January 30, 1943, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GILBERT HARPER—Born March 1, 1874, Springville, Utah; married August 12, 1908, Provo, Utah, to—

EMMA MOIR—Born September 5, 1888, Liverpool, England.

First Child:

GILBERT MOIR—Born April 13, 1910, Baguio, Philippine Islands; married March 16, 1940, Cloverdale, California, to—

ANN KIVI—Born April 13, 1910, Belt, Montana.

Second Child:

KATHERINE LOUISE—Born October 25, 1912, Baguio, Philippine Islands; married April 7, 1933, Santa Rosa, California, to—

JAMES EDWIN HARRIS—Born July 26, 1908, San Francisco, California.

Grandchild:

CAROLYN ROBERTA—Born March 9, 1947, San Francisco, California.

Third Child:

IVY—Born November 7, 1913, Baguio, Philippine Islands; died November 30, 1919, Manteca, California.

Fourth Child:

KENT—Born December 10, 1916, Baguio, Philippine Islands.

CHESLEY WINFRED—Born May 21, 1876, Springville, Utah; died May 20, 1877, Springville, Utah.

GARNET WHITTIER—Born September 29, 1878, Springville, Utah; married June 14, 1911, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

LAPREAL SNELSON—Born April 26, 1881, Springville, Utah.

First Child:

GLORIA—Born September 30, 1914, Springville, Utah; died May 22, 1947, Provo, Utah; married January 24, 1934, Farmington, Utah, to—

BOYD SMITH RASMUSSEN—Born December 16, 1907, Richfield, Utah.

Second Child:

LAMAR—Born February 8, 1918, Springville, Utah; married November 21, 1941, Provo, Utah, to—

BEATRICE WARDLE—Born April 12, 1922, Sunnyside, Washington.

Grandchild:

ROBERT LELAND—Born July 18, 1948, Provo, Utah.

Third Child:

LORRAINE—Born February 8, 1918, Springville, Utah; died January 22, 1922, Springville, Utah.

CHARLES CAMDEN—Born March 26, 1882, Springville, Utah; married February 4, 1903, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

LAURA EDITH CUTLER—Born November 27, 1878, Lehi, Utah; died San Francisco, California, November 7, 1948.

First Child:

LELAND CHARLES—Born February 4, 1904, Lehi, Utah; married June 14, 1930, San Francisco, California, to—

AILEEN L. DITTMAR—Born April 23, 1902, Redding, California.

1st Grandchild:

LINDA LEE—Born April 23, 1938, Los Angeles, California.

2nd Grandchild:

MICHAEL CHARLES—Born October 3, 1940, Pasadena, California.

3rd Grandchild:

THOMAS EDWARD—Born March 7, 1942, Pasadena, California.

Second Child:

ELDEN CUTLER—Born October 20, 1907, Lehi, Utah; married July 2, 1935, Salt Lake City, Utah, to—

MARY ALICE POLLOCK—Born November 19, 1914, Beaver, Utah.

1st Grandchild:

NANCY—Born April 30, 1942, San Francisco, California.

2nd Grandchild:

RICHARD EDWARD—Born August 28, 1943, San Francisco, California.

3rd Grandchild:

JOHN CHARLES—Born March 5, 1947, San Francisco, California.

Third Child:

ELIZABETH—Born April 6, 1911, Lehi, Utah; married February 3, 1943, San Francisco, California, to—

LEONHARDT RICHARD BUTLER—Born August 4, 1899, Butte, Montana.

1st Grandchild:

KATHLEEN ELIZABETH—Born April 27, 1944, San Francisco, California.

2nd Grandchild:

CHARLES PARKER—Born May 3, 1947, San Francisco, California.

Fourth Child:

VIRGINIA LAURA—Born March 27, 1915, Salt Lake City, Utah; married August 10, 1935, San Francisco, California, to—

CLYDE VANCE LINDSAY PEARSON—Born February 1, 1912, Ogden, Utah.

1st Grandchild:

JUDITH DALE—Born December 18, 1939, Santa Monica, California.

2nd Grandchild:

MARGERIE ANNE—Born February 6, 1947, Stockton, California.

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